

THE MEREDITH EAGLE.

MEREDITH, N. H., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1882.

NO. 129.

VOL. III.

THE HYMN OF HUMANITY.

[From the Labor News.]

Humanity! Humanity!
With cheer, oh, mother! thy children cry,
Stretching out weary, wasted hands
Over the weary, wasted lands.
We seek and hunger, and very lone
Come unto us, thou own, thou own!
We stand and wait in the burning heat,
Blinded our eyes and scorched our feet.
We have lost our way, and our strength is gone,
We cannot take one step further on—
Mother, oh, mother, hear our cry!
We hunger and thirst, and we shall die!

Humanity! Humanity!
She heard in the desert her children cry—
With cheer, oh, mother! thy children cry,
Stretching out weary, wasted hands,
Over the weary, wasted lands.
We seek and hunger, and very lone
Come unto us, thou own, thou own!
We stand and wait in the burning heat,
Blinded our eyes and scorched our feet.
We have lost our way, and our strength is gone,
We cannot take one step further on—
Mother, oh, mother, hear our cry!
We hunger and thirst, and we shall die!

Humanity! Humanity!
The wall of her pain we'll not let up;
She cast the seed on her stricken land,
And wept, and would not be comforted.
"I cannot help you, mine own, mine own!
Myself am weary, and weak, and lone,
Blind and wounded, and like to die!"
Humanity! Humanity!

Humanity! Humanity!
She heard in her bitter agony—
"No help—no help—and I called to you
My children, and none can answer me!
The chains are more on my hands and feet,
And I looked for help, and hope was sweet,
But I waited long, and none came to me."
Humanity! Humanity!

Humanity! Humanity!
She sat in the desert, and one came by,
And she saw the footprints the blood-drops ran,
And her face was like to a lion of Man.
"Come, thou weary, I heard thy cry,
I have suffered thus myself;
Rise up, stand up in thy liberty,
And look to the Christ that heathen thee!"
Humanity! Humanity!

Humanity! Humanity!
She heard her children hear her cry?
The chains have dropped from her feet and hands,
As she walked over the desert sands;
And on the track where he went before,
The rose and myrtle spring evermore.
"Follow, follow the Son of God!
There is hope and help in the path he trod!
Call unto him and not to me!"
Humanity! Humanity!

A. WERNER.

THE TORPEDO IN WAR.

HOW IT WAS UTILIZED IN THE SOUTH AND THE DAMAGE IT DID.

In an article on the "Torpedo" during the war, Mr. Quaid says that of the first Federal victims on the James was a transport loaded with forage. She was steaming swiftly on her way when all of a sudden she rose several feet in the air, broke in two before she came down, and sunk out of sight before one could have counted ten. She had struck a four-gallon demijohn filled with powder. Her destruction was followed by that of several others, and by it became a part of the duty of the crew of an armed vessel to take small boats and hunt out these monsters, and many of the iron-clads were furnished with grapnels to fish them up.

The first efforts at torpedo warfare were crude enough. The torpedo itself was a demijohn or a keg, and the idea was to fire it by percussion. Not one out of eight was of any value. The powder would get damp, or the torpedo would be carried away, or something would occur to render it useless. A Confederate who helped plant a torpedo in the James, told me that he saw the same explosion after a steamer passed over it and was one hundred feet beyond. The explosion threw a column of water fifty feet high, and ran a wave over two feet high along the shores for a mile. Had the explosion occurred under the steamer, she would have been lifted ten feet high.

Mobile Bay, at the time of Farragut's attack, had at least a dozen torpedoes planted in the channel, and although only one exploded, the consequences were appalling. That was an electric torpedo suspended by two boys. As the iron-clad moved to the attack the Tennessee ran out of the torpedo. It seemed to the Confederates who saw what followed that she was lifted thirty feet high, accompanied by such a mass of water that it seemed as if she was about to sail away in a water-spout. When she dropped back the shock must have shattered her in sections, for she went down like a cannon ball. Every gun was overthrown, most of the crew knocked senseless, and at least a third of the bottom of the craft was torn away. Four-fifths of the crew went to the bottom with the Tennessee, and that monster doubled back under her bottom and exploded. Farragut makes no mention of any such torpedo in his official report, and the Confederates who planted the infernal machine in the channel, saw the Tennessee lifted just as she reached the spot.

It was calculated by Confederate authorities that the torpedoes planted in Mobile Bay alone destroyed \$5,000,000 worth of Federal property and 480 lives. Something like fifteen vessels altogether were blown up and totally destroyed, and out of this number three were first-class iron clads.

Dozens of obnoxious plans were proposed for the destruction of the blockading fleets, and there were many dismal failures. One plan was to string torpedoes on a long rope suspended by buoys and let the affair drift down across the bows of the ships. This might have worked in a narrow river with a swift current, but it was a failure in the harbors.

The line would foul or be carried to one side, or in some other manner render the freight harmless. Scores of floating torpedoes were sent down with the tide, in hopes they might inflict damage, but in only one or two instances did they pay for their wasted

powder. On one of the Western rivers a Federal gunboat one day fired into one of these fleets, and, though pistol-shot away from it, the explosion shook the vessel until she groaned and flooded her decks with muddy water.

Later on in the war both North and South made use of a torpedo fastened to a spar which projected from the bow of the boat and could be exploded from inboard at the right moment. The spar and its heavy weight in the water was a terror. On a ship, and only in a few instances did the invention meet with success.

Shortly after the new Ironsides had taken her station before Charleston the Confederates brought out the torpedo-boat which now lies in the Brooklyn Navy Yard among the relics. The "Devil," as it was afterward known, was a baby monitor, showing scarcely an inch above the surface, and carrying no smoke-stack. When sighted from the deck of a vessel it was mistaken for a fish. A Confederate naval commander named Glasser ran this boat out of Charleston one night with a torpedo and spar at her bow, having only men enough to work her. The Ironsides was at anchor, and he steamed straight at her. The boat made no more commotion than a shark would have created, and the Ironsides was struck before any one had a suspicion of the complexion of the strange visitor.

The torpedo boat ran full at the great ship and exploded the torpedo fairly under her. The ship was not lifted, but was swayed to one side as if suddenly pushed, most of her guns upset, her crew thrown about, dozens of beams and braces broken, and such damage in general created that she had to leave the station at once for an overhauling. The explosion threw a column of water fifty feet high, almost drowning the vessel, and this very fact created the disaster to the lannon. She was buried three feet under water, rolled about like a fish, and some of the light stiff blown overboard from the Ironsides fouled her machinery at the same time her fire drowned out. Thus incapable of motion, and right under the fire of the marines, the boat was obliged to surrender.

Poor as she was, and laboring under the difficulties she did, the Southern Confederacy brought the torpedo problem to such a point as to destroy in the last two-and-a-half years of the war over fifty Federal vessels, at least twenty of which were armed craft. The loss footed up to millions of dollars, and the cost was a mere nothing.

A Rare Chance for Investors.

The Galveston News says—Cotton-pickers are now getting a dollar per hundred pounds of seed cotton, a price so remunerative that even the lazy city voter by profession has been induced to leave the exciting scenes, the free drinks and social equality of the time, to earn a stake for the winter, garnering the fleecy staple in its vast abundance. From the interior towns and cities, especially, have these happy go-lucky people emigrated to the fields, and left behind them a dearth of labor which asserts its needs and existence in the "want" columns of the press. It probably costs the people of Texas \$15,000,000 per annum to gather a crop of cotton. The crop of the Southern States is worth not less than \$50,000,000 more at the time than it is in the fields. Here is presented the grandest incentive to mechanical invention that all the industries of the world may offer. A machine capable of picking as much cotton as an industrious farmer of Texas can raise would supply the place of a dozen active field hands. In this age of invention many have attempted the task. Some have given it their whole endeavors for years, but all have failed. Southern planters, in case a steam cotton-picker was invented, would find their business revolutionized. Their field work costs them more per day per hand than any other unskilled labor in the world. An invention of that kind would give the Southern planter an almost absolute though legitimate monopoly of cotton-raising and free them from the labor corner every fall and winter. Then why do not the cotton-producing interests of all the States offer a reward in money so tempting that it would enlist the brightest and most successful inventors of the world in the attempt to solve the problem? A million dollars could be raised for the purpose by very small contributions from each planter. In case this plan is not adopted, it is suggested that the faculty and students of the agricultural and mechanical colleges of the Southern States turn their attention in that direction. The cotton-gin was invented in the South; why may not the cotton-picker be also?

RAG-PICKERS.—Several months ago the rag-pickers of St. Louis formed an association for the purpose of mutual aid and protection and to prove to the world that, in their own language, a rag-picker can be a gentleman. Their union has flourished during the summer and at a meeting a few days ago they had the satisfaction of hearing what a good record their trade is making. It seems to be the general opinion in St. Louis that they are conducting their business in an enterprising and upright manner, and winning the respect to which their own self-respect entitles them.

HE KICKED IT.—A man walking in one of the streets of Baltimore lately kicked a package from the pavement into the gutter. A small boy behind him picked it up and carried it home, where the boy's mother opened it and found it contained \$40,000 worth of bonds. An advertisement in the next morning's city papers revealed the owner. The bonds were returned and he boy was given \$100.

DR. TALMAGE'S RED DRAGON.

The Ten Horns and Seven Crowns of Drunkenness Pictured.

"Alcoholism is the worst of all red dragons," said Dr. Talmage Sunday morning. "Some commentators think the red dragon of Revelations means one thing and some another. There is such a wide difference of opinion that I feel at liberty to think it may be suggestive of the great monster of intemperance, for, at moments of intense passion, fury, all devoting, ever burning, with its ten horns looking and burning society. By its taking possession of so many Governments it may be said to wear seven crowns, and by its striking down kings and queens, orators, poets, soldiers, men and women, from all forms of power it may be said to draw a third part of the stars of heaven after it. Last Sunday I reprehended the degradation of two political parties of the day, and suggested that the loss of both of them would not be a very great loss. This morning I take a step further, and say that a party like either of them ought not only to be whipped, but to be crushed against the curse of curses, the abomination of abominations, the infernalism of infernalisms, the intemperance of this country, and that with National, and not State prohibition, it ought to go forth to slay this red dragon.

"The cause is progressing so that twelve years from now prohibition will have its President in the White House. I tell you that American slavery was a pet lamb as compared with this red dragon. All families which have been robbed of fathers, brothers and sons, all States of the Union that have been despoiled of their mightiest men, all the churches, all the intelligences, all the patriotisms, and all the enthusiasms of the land will pack itself into an avalanche that will come crashing down upon this, the worst evil that ever afflicted a nation.

"I notify the politicians of America that this is coming. Better for them to lead than follow afterward with the stragglers. Victory will come as sure as there is a God in heaven. I nominate for President and Vice-President in 1884, and I care not which is first or second name on the ticket, although one is a Republican and the other a Democrat, the one a Western man and the other a Southern man, both sterling prohibitionists—Governor St. John, of Kansas, and Governor Colquitt, of Georgia. Oh, my Lord and my God, what a country this would be if there was not a dramshop in it, with no woman in it who has been taken from the home of luxury to the home of the drunkard, and left with shriveled arm, and hollow eye, and pallid cheek, and consuming lung, to fight back the world that thralls it with the blood of the window pane, smothering for the blood of her helpless babes!

"Let the millions of men who belong to temperance societies enlist for the salvation and disenthralment of this country, and the work will be done in less time than I take to tell it. We want an amendment to the Constitution of the United States prohibiting the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors in all the States and Territories, except for medicinal, artistic, mechanical, and scientific purposes. I invite a national convention to inaugurate this amendment, to meet in Brooklyn in this house of God. A great battle is yet to be fought. Let us have prohibition, and then one-half the iniquity tumbles off into the Atlantic Ocean, and the other half into the Pacific, to be drowned in two oceans of cold water. In all this country, from Canada to the Gulf, there will not be room enough for this red dragon to put one of its feet. It has already been decided that a State has the right to prohibit the manufacture of intoxicating liquor. Let all the people of this country demand a national enactment that liquor shall not be manufactured for sale in any part of the United States.

"Oh, say something for me. The United States collects millions of dollars of taxes from the manufacture and sale of liquor. Does it? Where the liquor traffic pays one dollar it steals ten dollars in the cost of criminal trials, prisons and hospitals, to take care of the victims. The government makes as much out of it as you would if you sold a man a knife and he should strike the first blow at your son's heart; or if you should sell a man a box of matches and he should with the first match start a fire that should burn your house down.

"One million drunkards in a year; 200,000 children helpless; 300,000 ruin inmates; four-fifths of the crime of the United States chargeable to rum-drinking; ninety-nine hundredths of the children that are kept from school neglected by drunken parents; twelve hundred million dollars annually spent for rum! Talk about crooked whiskey, I tell you all whiskey is crooked, and there is crooked wine, crooked Cognac, crooked champagne, crooked everything; it's all crooked. I here and now proclaim war for the rest of my life against this abomination, and for State prohibition and National prohibition. Give us such a law in the Atlantic States, and we would do as the Forty-ninth, and some Sabbath morning, standing in this place I would have a battalion of strong men who would go forth, and in the name of the Lord God Almighty, we would shut up the grog shops of Brooklyn. It could be done, and it will be done. Then we shall remove temptations and sweep away the all-encircling fires of demoniac bombardment. Let us make it possible to walk Broadway, Chestnut street or Pennsylvania avenue without the inhalation of alcoholic maledictions.

"Who will rise up and hold this monster and put the victims from his jaws and teeth? Our physicians will do it. They know what it is to be called, not only to the bedside of the poor wretch, but also to the wealthiest homes of the great city, amid masterpieces of the painter's art, under gorgeous canopies to hold down on the embroidered pillow the victim of delirium tremens, into whose diseased imagination generations have seemed to pour their reptiles and perdition to have poured its devil.

"Women will join the prohibition party, for they have seen the red dragon with one foot on the nursery, another foot on the wardrobe, another on the empty bread tray, and the other foot saturated with the tears and the blood of a desolated home. The churches of God must support the new party. The rum-drinking professors of religion will have gone clear over to the devil, who owns them all. All the churches of the future will work together, until in the future museums there will be standing side by side the lachrymal of ancient times and the demijohn of the modern cellar, both the ornaments of antiquity; and the antiquarian will explain them in his lecture, one as the receptacle of the tears of the dead, and the other the fountain of the tears of the living.

"Down with rum drinking! Up with national prohibition! No quarter for the license system! Eternal smash to the wine bottle! Upon the red dragon of alcohol I draw the sword of Gideon."

A Patent Medicine Paradise.

If the negroes in the South could read there would be such a demand for patent medicines, porous plasters, pills and stomach bitters as would force every manufacturer to double his help and capacity. The negro is always ailing. No matter how healthy he looks or how strong he seems, he believes himself afflicted. If he could read almanacs and circulars he would think so twice as strongly.

At Dalton, Ga., I saw a big fellow pick up a barrel of flour as easily as I could have lifted a twenty-five pound sack, and when I complimented him on his strength he replied:

"Yes, boss, I seems powerful strong, but you don't know what a hard time I has of it. I see got liver complaint, dyspepsia and constipation, an' I reckon I won't never see snow fly again."

I asked him what remedies he had been using, and he replied that he had been taking the dust of burnt leather and mixing it with cold tea. Nothing whatever aided him, but if he could have got hold of \$10 he would have used eight of it in buying medicine.

I was in a lively stable at Marietta when a man came with a bottle of prepared Jamaica ginger. One of the colored men employed about the stable, who hadn't laid a day for years and who looked as ragged as a mountain, looked at the bottle three or four times and then asked:

"What you got dar, Komeel?"

"Something for apoplexy," was the reply.

"Would yo mind givin' me a sip of it kase my apoplexy has been takin' on de mos' dreadful manner for de las' week?"

"You can take a pull if you wish to," the cork was drawn and the negro lifted up the bottle and took three heavy swallows of the fiery stuff. The next three minutes were the longest and hottest ones he ever saw, but as soon as he could speak he remarked:

"Ah! but dat stuff seems to hit de right spot. I reckon it will cure up my apoplexy all right, an' like 'nuff I may light on smthin' else good for cegestion of de lungs an' water on de brain."

M. QUAD.

Counterfeit Pumpkin Pies.

This is the reason when pumpkin pies are made of squash, and a good deal of oatmeal thrown in; but they are a delusion and a snare compared to the veritable pumpkin pie, the New England Thanksgiving kind, made out of the sweet yellow field pumpkin, full of impregnated sunlight and "steved down" it is just a thick cream, flavored with nutmeg and ginger and "asses, and browned just right in mother's oven. What rows of them used to be laid out on the pantry shelves along in the last week of October and the first of November, with odorous mince pies to flank them, and quince and cranberry tarts for a change, with narrow strips of crime-crooked paste that divided the outward semblance of the pie, so there could be no mistake. Nobody had ever heard tell of squash pie then. It was a Boston philosopher of whom they tell this story: He was passionately fond of pumpkin pie and yearned for it in vain at his boarding house. He had no idea what a pumpkin pie was, but he told the landlady he would furnish the material for the pie, and went out on a foraging expedition. The next day at dinner he was surprised to receive a plate of pudding for his dessert. "Where is my pie?" he asked indignantly. "There isn't any," coolly replied his landlady; "we can't make pumpkin pie out of muck oranges."

Apple Fancy.

Pare some good apples and take out the cores; stew them with sugar and lemon peel; beat up four eggs into a froth, add to them a cupful of grated bread-crumbs, with a little sugar and nutmeg. Lay the stewed apples in the bottom of a dish and cover with the bread-crumbs, laying a few pieces of butter over the top. Bake it in a brick oven, and turn it, when done, upside down on a flat dish; before serving, scatter powdered loaf sugar over the apples, which will be uppermost.

DEEP UNDER GROUND.

Drilling for Water a Thousand Feet Down Under Manhattan Island.

The well bored by the Metropolitan Elevated Railroad Company near the foot of Church street, found at the depth of nine hundred feet a vein of pure water, cold, clear as crystal, and unexceptionable for use in boilers, but it could only be relied upon to yield steadily twenty gallons per minute.

The borers are therefore at work now sinking a second well, about a dozen feet from the first, that is to be supplied by a third. It is intended to sink these additional wells to a depth of 1,200 or 1,500 feet, and perhaps even more.

The second has already been put down a little more than one hundred feet, and is going on steadily at the rate of about three inches in each working hour. This is very slow, but the material now being drilled is a rock that is very nearly 90 per cent. quartz, and excessively hard. Deeper down the drillers expect to find softer rock, and they will also have the advantage of using heavier tools and getting more spring for the drill as the work goes on.

To those who have never witnessed the drilling of a well this work is quite interesting. The iron tool employed is 40 feet long, and weighs 1,800 pounds. On the end of it is screwed a steel "head" 3 feet long, weighing 200 pounds. This mass of iron and steel is suspended by a hemp rope 2½ inches in diameter. A huge timber arm, something like the walking-beam of a steamboat, is fitted at one end to a crank shaft, and at the other carries a pair of heavy clamps that are raised and lowered by a screw. These clamps seize the rope about four feet above the floor of the drilling shed, and at each movement of the walking-beam the tool is lifted and dropped about eighteen inches.

The blows thus struck by the falling of that ton of metal occur at the rate of about fifty per minute, and at each blow a man turns the drill so that its cutting face will strike the rock at another angle.

The earth quivers with these Titanic shocks; the noise drowns the sound of the steam-engine, the strongly built shed trembles and shakes as if about to fall, and the top of the derrick-like frame high in the air, over which the drilling rope runs, seems literally to rock and fro. The work is kept up without intermission for two hours. When the drill is stopped, the great tool is hoisted up, the dullest steel head is uncovered, and the sand pump, a bucket six feet long, is lowered again and again to haul up the pulverized rock and water from the bottom of the hole. While the drilling has been going on another steel head has been sharpened at the forge in one corner of the shed, where, by an ingenious attachment, the movement of the walking-beam is utilized to blow the bellows. This head is screwed fast to the tool, by means of enormous wrenches, each as much as a man can lift. The head just taken off goes into the forge fire, and the clatter, shock, and roar of the drill begins again.

Sometimes a tool breaks, or the rope gives way several hundred feet below the surface of the ground. Then the patient use of ingenious appliances, perhaps months of steady fishing after the lost portions, and the expenditure of many thousand dollars become necessary. No accident of the sort has occurred here, and the greatest care is exercised to avert any.—New York Sun.

Without a Home.

Near Carthage, in a lonely spot rarely visited, sleeps a wandering minstrel of our own times, whose one immortal song has been heard everywhere the English language is spoken. Like the roving singers of lovely Provence, many times he had nothing but his harp. John Howard Payne was a gay Bohemian, extravagant in taste, lavish in expenditure; living much, too much, "aid pleasures and passions," yet with a vein of sadness down deep in his heart. He died while holding the office of Consul, and a plain marble slab, sent out by the Government of the United States, marks the grave of the homeless man, sixty years a wanderer on this earth, the author of "Home, Sweet Home."

One winter he was without money or credit, and in London had not where to lay his head. He tried to quiet the pain of hunger and homelessness by looking in at windows and from the scarce scenting good cheer. It was Christmas Eve, the snow fell fast, the fire was sharp and keen. At one luxurious house the hungry man stopped and watched the lighting of the Christmas tree. Its candles streamed brightly on the pavement, and among the evergreens he could see the red berries of holly, the toys and garlands, and the pretty heads of children. They danced and clapped their hands while the presents were distributed, and the air rang with shouts, laughter, and screams of delight. When the merriment had spent itself a little, one young girl went to the piano and struck up "Sweet Home," while the family joined in a rousing chorus. Was over contrast so bitter?

I have this from Mrs. Consul-General Heap. Payne told it to her long after those festive days were passed.

TUR MOON.—A correspondent of the Scientific American, who resides at a mining camp on the mountains in the southeastern corner of Arizona, says that the brilliancy of the moonlight there is such that mountains seventy miles distant are seen.

A Libel Suit.

There has been an unusual degree of public interest shown in the trial of a libel suit before Judge Horace Russell, in the Superior Court in New York City. Marie Prescott, an actress, and Sinclair Kenney, President of the American News Company, for \$20,000 damages for distributing and circulating an alleged libelous article concerning her, which was published in a weekly paper called *Nym (Vivian)*. The publication was admitted by the defense, and an effort was made to justify it by showing that the young actress was unchaste and bore a bad reputation generally. A mass of useless testimony was introduced which caused the court room to be filled from day to day with an eager crowd of men and boys. Several of the lady's love letters were introduced, and her own peculiar pertness on the witness stand added to the sensational features of the case. The drift of popular sentiment all through the trial was decidedly with the plaintiff, and the jury manifested its belief in her womanly purity by awarding her damages in the sum of \$12,500. If this verdict is reaffirmed in the higher courts, where the case will probably be taken, it will be a marked significance with regard to the responsibility of the American News Company and similar concerns. One of the main points at issue in the trial just closed was whether the news company should be held responsible for what was printed in the papers circulated by it. The plaintiff's counsel, in summing up before the jury, urged that the only way to curb the malicious and libelous tendencies of a certain class of irresponsible publications was by making whatever company that circulated them responsible. He declared that New York was full of errand publications, none of which could live long enough to reach the public if it were not for just such circulating mediums as the American News Company. Ex-Judge Fullerton, counsel for the American News Company, argued that, although his client was technically responsible under the law for the matter contained in the papers which it circulated, still the news company should not be molested in damages for a publication which it did not incite, did not print, and did not even know about until after the distribution of the papers. Judge Russell ruled that, inasmuch as the American News Company enjoyed certain special advantages as a circulating medium under the laws of the State by which it was enabled to derive pecuniary benefits, it should be held to a strict accountability for whatever there was of a legally objectionable nature in the papers which it distributed. It was the duty of the news company to ascertain the character and contents of each publication before giving it to the public.

The Nym.

In Sir Garnet Wolseley's little manual entitled "The Soldier's Pocket Book," this extraordinary passage occurs: "As a nation we are bred up to feel it a disgrace even to succeed by falsehood. The word *copy* conveys in it something as repulsive as the word *slave*. We will keep hammering along with the conviction that honesty is the best policy, and that truth always wins in the long run. These pretty little sentences do well enough for a child's copy book, but the man who sets upon them in war had better sheathe his sword forever.

The Ex-Candidate.

We met a friend of ours the other day who had been very active in his efforts to secure a certain county nomination from his party, which he failed to get. He grasped us warmly by the hand, which he shook with great vigor, his face beaming all over with smiles, as he exclaimed in the heartiest manner: "How are you, old boy? Glad to see you. How well you are looking. 'Pon my word, never saw you looking so fine in my life."

We remarked:

"Why this exuberance?" And he said, in some little confusion: "There it goes again. Forgot I wasn't a candidate any more. Oh! so in the habit of shaking hands with people and complimenting them that it has become second nature almost."

"Is that the way it has to be done?"

we asked.

"Bless your innocent heart, of course it is. If you want an office you must be friendly with everybody and appear to take the most violent interest in every man's affairs. If you don't they will go back on you—say you are snubbed. I am a grave man naturally, but I was compelled to wear my face wreathed in smiles so long that it feels as though it was wrinkled all out of shape, and would never come straight again. I have done so much hand-shaking that my right hand clutches convulsively in my sleep sometimes, my wife says, and I mutter: 'Glad to see you, old fellow.' Never saw you look better in all my life.' I tell you, sir, I shall be glad to get back to my normal condition once more, and when I do I intend to forego politics so long as I live. It makes a confounded hypocrite of a man."—Saturday Night.

Trifling.

An application of a novel character was made to the magistrate of a London police court not long since. A woman stated that she wanted a summons against another woman in whose house she lodged. In answer to an inquiry as to what she required the summons for, the applicant explained that her landlady annoyed her by "a nasty sort of laugh." The magistrate was himself annoyed at the time being thus taken up unnecessarily, and declined to grant a summons against the offending landlady. "If," he observed, "I had no great summonses for such nonsense as this, I do not know how the business of the court would be got through."

PARANORMAL.—According to a statement prepared by the elevated railroad managers the number of passengers transported over the different lines in New York City has increased from, in round numbers, forty-six million passengers in 1878-79 to 87,361,029 passengers in 1881-82.

A SMOCK.—The shock of finding out that her lover was a horse thief, instead of the rich gentleman that he had represented himself to be, destroyed the reason of a girl at Dallas, Texas. A week later her father followed her to the asylum, crazed by sympathy and grief.

PROHIBITION.—The Cincinnati Commercial estimates the Prohibition vote in Ohio at the late election at 12,000, which is a falling off from their vote in 1881.

PLASTERED.—An art class of young women at Fairbank, Minn., induced a man to let them experiment on him for a plaster cast. After they had covered his face the quill slipped from his nostril, and he was so nearly suffocated to death that a physician with difficulty revived him. They forgot to oil the skin, too, and the plaster stuck fast, damaging him to an extent that necessitated his stay for a week in a hospital.

VERY HARD.—One of the hardest woods in existence is that of the desert ironwood tree, which grows in the dry washes along the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad. Its specific gravity is nearly the same as that of lignumvite, and it has a black heart so hard, when well seasoned, that it will turn the edge of an ax, and can scarcely be cut by a well-tempered saw. In burning it gives out an intense heat, and charcoal made from it is hardly second to anthracite.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

Tracing the Blood Back—Take a Man as You Find Him.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

"What I am going to remark," observed Brother Gardner, as Elder Toote quietly dropped off to dream of the canals of the olden time, "am to do effect that dis club don't hear two cents whodder a member's gran'fadder was hung for treble up a policeman asleep on his beat, or not in de halls of Congress wld his hat on his ear at his fame floatin' ober obary county in de land. It am not de dead gran'fadder but de libbin' member dat we has to do wid. If Brudder Shit's gran'fadder was King of de Cannibal Islands dis don't help Brudder to pay his rent or buy his 'taters. Whilobone Howker may trace his blood back to an Emperor who owned 10,000 miles, but Whilobone will pay a fine of three dollars obary time he spits on de store, same as de 'son' of you. Brudder Johnson don't no doubt establish de fact dat he am descended from a householder which could pay a milk-bill widout havin' to paw de side-board, but it am obsestherious sartin dat Brudder Johnson won't have any panache grow cold on his table dis winter.

"Judge a man as you find him, an' don't forget dat de son of a Senator kin display all de meanness expected of de son of a convict. If dar am any member in dis club who wants his lineage traced back six or seven thousand 'years to see whether his relatives took fast or second cabin passage in de ark, or wants his blood strained to see if it am blue or red, let him go ahead; but at de same time I feel it my duty to warn all sich persons dat it am far cheaper to buy a ten-cent gimlet an' hire a five-cent boy to bore a hole in de top of yer head an' let de vanity blow itself off. De Secretary will now call de roll an' make out a list of sich members as want to trace their blood back to Ham."

The roll was called, and not one member of the 164 present responded. When the call had been finished Prof. K. Kamforth Parker arose and asked if there was any objection to his taking steps to find out whether his grandfather was a poet or a blacksmith.

"Dar am!" was the prompt reply, "kase it would be a loss of time. I knowed de ole man myself, ah! I kin inform you dat he was null, ah! a werry common nigger, who wouldn't do an hour's work a week unless kicked to it. I also remember dat he was requestrayed, an' had heels so long dat he would 'war his heels hind side afore."

The Professor waived to do for a moment and then fell back in a dead faint, and it took four members to carry him to the ante-room and steal his pocket-knife and plug tobacco and restore him to consciousness by shouting "mad dog!" down the back of his neck.

SOCIETY NOTE.

The harmony of a social gathering at the Yegger Mansion on Anstie avenue, was in a manner marred by the conduct of Kousko Kousko.

There were some choice figs on the table, and Murphy helped himself so liberally that Mrs. Yegger, who prides herself on her gentility, becameasperated. Finally, when Murphy reached for the figs for the fifth time, she remarked with severity:

"Murphy, you ought to go to California to live."

"I would like to very much; but then I would miss the refined culture of the Anstie people."

"But you ought to go to California, nevertheless."

"Why so?" he asked, reaching out for more figs.

"Because I read in a newspaper that figs are so plentiful there that they feed them to the hogs."

Murphy was so carried away by the magnitude of the fig crop on the Pacific slope that, without waiting to finish his supper, he started at once, probably to get his ticket before the office closed.

NOT HIM DAR.

There is an old derby in Anstie who claims to have studied "fionly onto a book." He propounds unanswerable questions to the lawyers whose rooms he cleans, and he discusses "plins o' law" with the justice of the peace of his precinct. Yesterday he went into the justice court and said: "Jedge, kin I gitt a 'dictament writt agin dat wiffless nigger, Pels?"

"What's he been doing?"

"He's a procrastinator. He's bin a procrastinator," said.

"Procrastinating?"

"Yes, eah, dat's what he's bin a doin' for a fac."

and Fan-
desirable

styles at lowest prices.

Pinna, Felt and Beaver Hats, Vealings, Brians, and Pompadour, Plushes, Velvets, all Satin and latest novelties. Ladies' ready-made underwear a specialty, cheap for Cash. Loose gowns for the month. Piques, Ties, Collars and Collarettes. House Collars, and Caps, Ladies' Waterproof Goggles, Ladies' Corsets, a few at all prices. Fancy Work, and material for working. Sewing Machines, all stamped for nothing. Nipper Pashlers, Stocked, Good or temporary. Knitting silks, Filling silks, and Knobbydury. Jewelry and Silver Ware, their choice. Swisses, Grapes, Prizes, and Real Water Wares. All Crises, repaired and made better than ever, being water-proof to command. The use of anything in the line of Military accoutrements, Fancy Goods, or Fancy Work are especially invited to call at

MRS. S. J. BROWN'S,
Central Block, ASPERLAND, N. H.
a few calls

